

**restlessness leads
to a dangerous
kind of fun.**

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Summary:

If there is anything left to know about Henry Bowers, Patrick will be the first to find out.

restlessness leads to a dangerous kind of fun.

Henry is on his third beer, while Patrick sits beside him drinking. And watching. Boys like Henry don't get drunk; they get angry. There's an appeal to that too, of course.

Henry sits there, breathing heavy, muttering curses to himself. He has been damn quiet tonight, and Patrick knows something is bothering him. His hand curls and uncurls around his pocket knife and his leg bounces how it always does when he's really, truly, goddamned angry.

Henry Bowers is not exactly receptive of sympathy, not that he feels it too often himself. But Patrick sidles up so his spindly leg is brushing up against Henry's own, rests a hand real gentle on his thigh.

"Want me to make you feel better," he offers, quirkling an eyebrow suggestively. This earns him a punch to the jaw, knocking him back into the rotting leaves that surround them.

"Awe, baby, don't be like that," and he laughs a little, running his fingers across the fresh blood on his lip.

It's no secret that Henry fucking hates being called pet names. He doesn't need to vocalize that to make his point. This shit gets Patrick feeling giddy, though. He runs his tongue along his teeth sucking at the blood that's started to gather. His dark eyes flicker, patient for that next punch.

Reluctant, reluctant, reluctant. This is how it always goes with Henry. But he's on him now, fists curling into the rot above Patrick's head.

"Fucking cocksucker," he spits, but he's moving a hand to undo his jeans. There is something endearing about how Henry seems to think he's in control now. He's got his hand around his fat cock, but he's still shaking. He doesn't say anything, but Patrick knows what to do.

It's easy to play Henry Bowers like a fucking fiddle. There isn't much complexity inside that skull. He's a needy little thing, really. What it

boils down to is that Henry wants to feel good. He's so controlled by that feeling, it's almost cute. Patrick likes to feel it too, but he likes it best when Henry draws first blood. He wants to make Henry come. He wants to split his head open against a rock.

Henry's calves are planted firm on either side of Patrick's lanky frame. Patrick bends himself upward, folding his body like a ragdoll, and kisses Henry hard and messy. Henry can feel Patrick smile into his mouth. It has taken a lot to get Henry Bowers to the point where he will let himself be kissed.

While he would argue the point, Henry is an absolutely terrible kisser. He is all tongue and teeth, and he bites at Patrick's lip like a starved animal. Their tongues drag along each other, tasting of copper and spit. Patrick burst lip spills red down his chin; sickly sweet like overripe fruit.

He won't touch Henry, though he wants to, that isn't how this works. Henry needs to think this is all his idea. So Patrick waits, sucking on Henry's tongue, until he lets his own fists unclench and tangle up in Patrick's thick hair.

He leans Patrick's head back, kissing him deep and needy. He moves fast like it's all going to be over soon.

"Eager," Patrick taunts, though he knows it is toeing the line of what Henry will tolerate. If there is anything left to know about Henry Bowers, he will be the first to find out.

Henry's cock is straining and it stains Patrick's t-shirt where it meets his belly.

"Fucking do something, then".

There's that cat's grin that makes Henry's skin prickle. Patrick touches him now; his thin hands run the length of his spine, lingering on each knob until they meet at the nape of his neck. He twirls his fingers through Henry's little curls.

"Wish you'd let me fuck you," he whispers, feeling his cock twitch in his jeans at the way Henry's whole body goes stiff. Henry doesn't

push him off though; he's getting too impatient to let anything to deter this.

Patrick is still fucking smiling, as he rises to his knees and brushes the dirt from his jeans. He cocks his head up and Henry stands. Obedient. Like a damn dog.

Patrick's tongue slips out to wet his lips, and his eyes look so hungry when they meet Henry's gaze. He starts to think that this is probably a very bad idea, because Patrick is weird, even for his standards. But the taller boy licks up the length of his cock and the thought is forced from his mind.

He digs the heels of his boots into the soil, because suddenly his legs are feeling very weak. Patrick looks really pretty like this; his slim face is haunting in the dim light. His tongue darts out, feline, to drag along the tip of Henry's cock.

"Fuck," he curses, his eyes rolling back as he let's the sensation overwhelm. Patrick wraps his lips around the head of his cock and sucks. Above him, Henry is practically sobbing, and he bites at the heel of his palm to try and quiet himself. His other hand finds Patrick's hair again and tugs.

"Patrick," he whines, embarrassed at the cadence his voice takes. The other boy has picked up a rhythm, bobbing his head up and down. Patrick let's his teeth graze Henry, just slightly, liking the shudder it draws from him.

He takes him into the back of his throat, and Henry nearly sobs. Then Patrick hums low in his throat, and Henry feels the tight coiling in his stomach about to release. His hands tense up in Patrick's hair nearly pulling a chunk out.

Abruptly, Patrick pulls off. Henry's disappointment is a low groan, his eyebrows furrowing in frustration.

"What the fuck is your problem," he says, but his voice is more gravelly than angry. He presses a foot to the inside of Patrick's thigh. He is dangerously close to stepping on Patrick's dick, and Patrick looks up still grinning.

“Let me show you something,” Patrick says, “I promise you’ll like it”. He bends forward and kisses the leather of Henry’s boot.

Henry sinks to his knees and let’s Patrick kiss him again. Patrick thumbs at a bruise on Henry’s jaw, then tilts his head back to expose his neck. His thin fingers run over his skin with an uncharacteristic gentleness.

Brushing Henry’s adam’s apple he says, “this will make you feel so real”. His fingers follow Henry’s sudden swallow.

Henry tenses up when Patrick closes his hand around his throat. His own hands shoot up to clutch at the invasive arm in reflex. But Patrick starts to stroke his cock, and the switch is flipped; this is all he cares about.

He doesn’t ask, although it frightens him, what exactly Patrick plans to do. Henry does not like to feel so vulnerable. Despite this, he leans into the touch.

Patrick is looking at him through his dark lashes, his lower lip caught between his teeth. His fingers squeeze Henry’s neck, and the boy sees stars.

He humors the thought of letting Henry pass out, but he releases his hold. Henry’s eyes are rolling back to the whites. He looks so pretty Patrick might come himself.

Patrick gives it a rhythm; stroking, squeezing, seeing the fruits of his labor playing off on Henry’s face. Henry sounds like a fucking wreck, and he shifts and shakes at Patrick’s touch.

Suddenly he is coming in Patrick’s hand. He gasps and splutters, clutching onto Patrick’s shoulders to keep the world from falling away. The other boy strokes him through his orgasm. He loves the way Henry’s body buckles with his pleasure.

Breathing heavy, Henry says, “You’re a fucking freak, Hockstetter”.

Author's Note:

Back on my bullshit! I apologize if the

characterization is off, I was mostly basing it on the movie.